

Will Overall and Joseph Wood attended the Methodist Assembly at Arcadia Sunday.  
Firmen Manley came in Saturday.

pent their vacation. He reports the crop indications are very good. Mrs. Cunningham will return some time later.

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# Auto-Persuasion

By Carleton Brown

**H**AT machine? Why, that's the Perkins'." "But I saw him out in a different one yesterday." "Oh, yes; big touring car? That's his old one. Buying this one, or renting it, I suppose. He's developed acute motorman." "I didn't know he had enough money."

"Well, it doesn't take all the money in the world, nowadays, to buy an auto. He's got a chauffeur, too."

But though everyone doubted Perkins' ability to support a touring-car even larger than his family, no one doubted for a moment that he owned the car in which he rode daily. Yet the fact was, he didn't own even the spark-plug, for Perkins was a "joy-rider"—the most modern manifestation of the "dead beat."

Perkins fell into this iniquitous practice through envy of his neighbor, Klocke, who was the proud owner of a 30-h. p., and the downward path was as smooth and simple as an asphalt grade. Klocke had no more money than Perkins, yet the rivalry between the two families was so great that Mrs. Klocke never sported a more gorgeous feather than Mrs. Perkins—for more than two days; and therefore when Klocke bought an automobile the Perkins family was tempted and it fell.

It was one night about a week after Klocke made his purchase that Mrs. Perkins sighed so bitterly that her husband looked up quickly from his after-dinner newspaper.

"What is it, love?" he queried;—Klocke addressed his wife simply, "dear."

"I was wondering, Papa Perkins, if—if we couldn't rent an automobile for a ride Sunday," she ventured, laying stress upon her pronunciation of "automobile"—after the manner of Mrs. Klocke.

"Why, why, love, in—in our circumstances it would—or—rather tend to cripple us. You know they charge twenty-five dollars a day?" apologized her husband, evading his wife's direct gaze.

"You know, Papa Perkins, there are others in no better circumstances than we who have automobiles of their very own," emphasized Mrs. Perkins.

"I dare say; yes, I dare say," he responded uneasily, resuming his newspaper.

"Well, then, why in the name of —" BZZZZ-BZZZZ-BZZZZZZ.

"I'll answer it, love," interposed the head of the house; and he muttered a prayer of thanksgiving for his sudden delivery, as he took up the receiver.

Mrs. Perkins sat with knitted brows and knotted hands. She was not in any way appeased.

Her husband's voice at the 'phone roused her from her reverie—she listened—she listened more intently. A smile began to play about the corners of her mouth, the nervous fingers straightened out, she smoothed out her puckered forehead and a glow spread complacently over her countenance, growing into a smile that endured.

When Perkins hung up the receiver he turned with a triumphant laugh, which was echoed by an exclamation of delight from his wife, who rushed to his side and was shaking him by the shoulders in her enthusiasm.

"So we shall have the ride, after all," she cried. "Oh, won't it be splendid to have an automobile for a whole day?"

"Yes, love, it will be great," beamed Perkins. "Wildor, the man who sold Klocke his machine, says he's got in a new shipment—a later model and a far better machine than the one he sold Klocke. He—he took Klocke out every day for about three weeks before he finally sold him the machine. Maybe he'll do the same with us."

"Oh-hhh, oh-hhhh! wouldn't it be just—just heavenly to have an automobile every day?" said Mrs. Perkins.

"And a better one than the Klocke's, too!"

"It won't be so bad," mused Mr. Perkins. "Guess my family can ride in an auto as well as Klocke's. And it won't cost me a cent, either, that's the beauty of the whole thing; it was Wildor's invitation and I didn't even have to say that I was thinking of buying a car."

Sunday came, and so did Wildor; in a huge, puffing, touring car. Mrs. Perkins swept out of the house in a stunning auto veil, carrying a long wrap and automobile coat, and sprang magnificently into the machine. Her husband followed with the three little Perkinses.

It was a wonderful ride! They met everybody they knew, and Mrs. Perkins bowed to her Boulevard friends with a slight condescension of the motorist. But it was not until they were on their way home that the full triumph of the day was realized. They met the Klocke family, whose mouths simultaneously opened in amazement as the Perkinses passed.

"What a dinky little machine Klocke's is," said Mrs. Perkins.

The following day, Wildor sent the same machine around to take Mr. Perkins down to the office. His wife accompanied him and, after dropping Perkins, made a tour of the shopping district and stopped at every possible store, although she did not purchase anything.

Before that week was over nearly every auto dealer in town had noticed that Wildor was trying to sell a new customer, and every day different makes of machines were placed at the disposal of the willing Perkins and his more-than-willing wife.

In fact, no one ever entered into the spirit of a real "joy-rider" with more enthusiasm than did Mrs. Perkins.

Perkins, too, was intoxicated with the experience. He patronized the various chauffeurs who were sent around to him, and every night he deliberated in his office for ten minutes trying to decide in which of the machines that

stood by the curb he should ride home.

For three weeks this state of affairs continued. Several auto salesmen were disgusted by Perkins' persistency in not making a choice, and departed from the ranks. Others hung on, forcing their cars upon him. Among these was Wildor, who succeeded in getting the prospective customer to ride in his machine every day; and his car, too, was the preference of Mrs. Perkins—being of the same make as Klocke's—only larger.

It was this bulldog tenacity in Wildor which caused the neighbors to believe that Perkins had really bought a machine, and that the chauffeur drew his pay from the recognized owner.

Indeed, it had all come about so easily that Perkins almost expected a raise in salary in recognition of his prominence in the motor world.

"Let's take the Klockes out riding in Wildor's machine," Mrs. Perkins suggested one day; "they think it's ours, and they know it's better than their own. It will be such fun. You know, they just can't refuse, for we have so often accepted invitations to ride in their car." The madness was still on Perkins and he greeted the idea with enthusiasm. Consequently, the Klockes were invited, and accepted; and Wildor was called up and requested to send his machine and chauffeur around the next day to take out a small party.

Perkins was rubbing his hands joyously when the car drove up the following morning. "Oh, you're a new man, are you?" he asked the chauffeur, in an indulgent voice.

"Yes, just started this mornin'," vouchsafed the driver, whose goggles and huge features gave him the odd appearance of a deep-sea diver.

Mrs. Perkins swept down the walk with her habitual elegance, and settling

herself proudly in the car, glanced at the new man at the wheel and remarked, "Oh, you're a new chauffeur—well, I do hope you will be careful and not take the corners too fast, I am so nervous with a new driver. I wish John were driving the car, as usual. He was very careful."

"I'll be careful, mum," growled the new man.

Mrs. Klocke had dressed up for the occasion, and the neighborly competition was well supported on both sides. Both she and her husband seemed uneasy from the very start; whether it was that the Perkins' machine was superior to theirs, or that they didn't like the chauffeur, one could not tell.

They followed the Boulevard and sped along an hour, until they chugged out into the exclusive residential district, where all interest was centered on the handsome apartments which they were passing.

"Wonderful places, aren't they?" mused Perkins. "I haven't been inside any of the very newest ones; they say that the latest wrinkle is to have elevators in the rear for automobiles, to take them up to the various floors." "Oh, yes, I have seen them," remarked Klocke, with a glance at the chauffeur, who seemed to take an unwarranted interest in the conversation.

"Oh, yes, we have seen them," echoed his wife.

"Would you like to see 'em, sir?" the driver questioned Perkins.

"Why, yes, my good man, I said I would," replied Perkins, haughtily; and his wife craned her neck to have a look at the impertinent chauffeur.

"Well, the reason I asked, sir, is because Mr. Wildor lives in one of these here apartments, and he told me this mornin', sir, I could take anybody up in his elevator that wanted to see it," continued the chauffeur. "His apartments ain't far from here. I'll take you there if you want."

"Why, yes, you might do that," said Perkins magnificently.

"I don't care to see it again," broke out Mrs. Klocke, quite rudely.

"No, they're very tame," agreed Klocke.

"Well, of course, we won't see the auto elevators then, if you people don't want to, but I should really like very much to see them myself," ventured Mrs. Perkins, in a cutting tone.

"Oh, if you really want to see them we shall be only too willing to go with you, although I assure you they are hardly worth looking at," offered Mr. Klocke.

"We're right in front of Mr. Wildor's apartment now, sir; shall I take the machine around and show you the elevator?" put in the chauffeur.

"Why, yes," decided the patronizing Perkins, "now that we are right here we might as well go in as not."

So, although Mrs. Klocke had an ugly look in her eyes when she glared at her uneasy husband, they went in at Wildor's drive. The machine was steered straight onto the platform, and the chauffeur started the elevator, which, with slow jerks, ascended until it reached the fourth floor. Here the chauffeur stopped it and, opening the door, drove the machine into a garage. Stepping back, he released the elevator and sent it down.

"What—what are you doing that for, my good man? We just wanted to ride up, we don't care to stay here," Perkins informed him.

With a dextrous motion, the chauffeur whipped off his goggles, pushed back his cap, tugged at his mustaches a moment, pulled them off, and faced the astonished little group in the auto with a winning smile.

"Why, Wildor!" burst out Perkins, with mingled perplexity and uneasiness.

"Just a little joke," laughed Wildor. "Wanted to give you people a little novelty, make the ride more enjoyable, you see."



"Now we haven't much time," he breathed.

Mrs. J. I. Mertz left Tuesday for Jonlin to join Mr. Mertz and make

roster and daughter, Miss Lavinia, joined her there Tuesday, and from there they all went to Port Huron.

hundreds of men are said to have been imported to break the strike at Skiatook, where the trouble started. Only a few of these men were trying to

A petition was med asking that the order of the court incorporating the city of Bonne Terre be set aside and declared void. The matter was

of the two weeks bly, which convene Suburbanites in